The Subtle Damsel:

OR,

Good Counsel for MAIDS.

VVherein she shews to every Maiden fair,
To take heed of false young Men wherever they are:
For Frummety Dick doth love well the Kettle,
And Porrige-Pot Will is a Man of great Mettle.

To the Tune of, The foolish Husband.

I Once had a Servant,
as other Maids have.
That pretended to love me,
but he proved a Knave:
He thought by his Tricks
to overcome me,
But I was as cunning
and crafty as he.

His Tongue was so ripe
with Temptations, that I
Out of his presence or sight
could not lye;
He call'd me his honey,
his duck and his dear;
But now his Words to me
he doth them forswear.

But now I am free from him,
I'm glad in my heart;
I'le never be said, I will mourn
when we part:
But unto all Maids now
the Truth I will show
To take heed of false young Men
wherever they go.

I'th' first place take heed,
and beware what I say,
For when you are bound,
they'll force you to obey:
Ne'er trust a Man
that hath a red Nose,
Before he'll want his Liquor,
he'll pawn your best Cloaths.

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There's Dick came and Harry,
both Robin and Will,
Have showed themselves Clowns,
and so they'll be still:
For Peter at banging,
he put them all down;
But John hit the best of all
Men in the Town.

But though I did promise him
and count him the best,
Yet he can Dissemble
as well as the rest:
From Eighteen to Thirty
these young Men I mind,
Loves a Wench in a corner,
if they can them find.

For this I'm resolved,
and so I lay still,
There's not One amongst Twenty
but he doth prove ill;
Search every City
and Town you shan't see
A Man that proves constant
and faithful to be.

Though John of good Mettle,
and counted so civil,
At a Frummety Kettle
he'll fight with the Devil:
Or at Long-spoon and Custard
he's a right honest Man:
But I have forsook him,
then love him who can.

There's Bob a good Fellow,
to give him his due:
Such a young Man again
I think there is but few:
Yet with one Mistake he is
troubled I smell,
If he meet with a Wench,
he can't kiss her but tell.

Also came the Taylor,
and the Weaver I discern,
The one is for Shreds,
the other's for Yarn:
These two bon Companion
work hard I do see.
And they're striving which of them
the best Thief will be.

Last Valentines Day
I met with my Dear,
He took me by the Hand,
and lead me to the Fair:
He gave me fine Fairings,
to kiss me was bold;
But at last I do give him
the Dog for to hold.

His eloquent Speeches
could do him no good,
I can give him fair Words,
and then leave 'th' mud:
He talkt of deep Learning,
but I did him tell
That he went to School
in some bottomless Well.

The World now adays
it is come to that pass,
That every Boy now
doth look for a Lass:
There's Bacon-fac'd Harry,
as short as my Thumb,
All Arle and no Body. Sing
Come Pudding come.

These young Men and more of them
which I could name,
To wrong pretty Maidens
they think it no Shame:
But what should we speak on't?
it oft has been try'd,
That honest young Men
they cannot abide.

Thus Maids have I told you
some part of my Mind,
How 'tis very hard a good
Husband to find.
Though my Love hath left me,
to grieve I ne'er shall:
If the rest prove no better,
Old Nick take them all.

FINIS. By J. Wade.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in Pye-corner.